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IMAGINARY LECTURES



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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

Imaginary Lectures

Imaginary Lectures

Reported by

WALTER SATYR

ANNE LANGDREW

and

WALTER LAVISH SLANDER

for *The Morningside*

and now for the first time

COLLECTED

with additional Lectures, an

Imaginary Address and an

Imaginary Interview into

a book and with them the

ORIGINAL PICTURES

by Malcolm A. Strauss

Huger Elliott and

W. H. Schanck

New York: Printed for the publishers of *The Morningside* and to be had of them at their offices on the Quadrangle of Columbia University, Morningside Heights, but not publickly for sale in the shops.

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THE BEQUEST OF
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1884



This Book of Imaginary Lectures was, in the present form, first pleasantly set in the types during March and from them five hundred copies were, under the care of the Cheltenham Press, at No. 25 in West Eleventh Street, New York, printed off, in April, M C M, of which this is

Number 294.

The Sentiment of *Profound Respect*
Entertained by the *Makers* of this Little Book
(Possible Appearances to the Contrary
Notwithstanding)
For the SEVERAL GENTLEMEN who have so
PATIENTLY and PLEASANTLY *Posed*
For *Picture* and *Parody*
And to whom this Humble LABOR of LOVE is most
Affectionately Dedicated
Is the ONE THING herein Set Forth and Recounted
Which is Not Imaginary

A TABLE *of*
 The CONTENTS
 of this book in
 LETTERPRESS & of
The PICTURES
 with which it is ADORNED

The Dedication.....	p. 5
An Imaginary Address.....	Walter Satyr....p. 9
<i>The Drawing: A Frontispiece by W. H. Schanck</i>	
The Imaginary Lectures	
I.....	Walter Satyr....p. 15
<i>The Drawing by Malcolm A. Strauss</i>	
II.....	Walter Satyr....p. 21
<i>The Drawing by Malcolm A. Strauss</i>	
III.....	Walter Satyr....p. 27
<i>The Drawing by Huger Elliott</i>	
IV.....	Walter Satyr....p. 37
<i>The Drawing by Malcolm A. Strauss</i>	
V.....	Anne Langdrew....p. 45
<i>The Drawing by Malcolm A. Strauss</i>	
VI.....	Anne Langdrew....p. 51
<i>The Drawing by Huger Elliott</i>	

VII.....	Walter Satyr.....	p. 57
	<i>The Drawing by Huger Elliott</i>	
VIII.....	Walter Satyr.....	p. 65
	<i>The Drawing by W. H. Schanck</i>	
IX.....	Walter Lavish Slander.....	p. 73
	<i>The Drawing by W. H. Schanck</i>	
An Imaginary Interview .	Walter Lavish Slander.....	p. 81
	<i>The Drawing by W. H. Schanck</i>	

An Imaginary Address

An IMAGINARY ADDRESS

(Delivered with deliberation)

La-dies and Gen-tle-men, Stu-dents, Officers and Friends of
Co-lum-bi-a Uni-ver-si-ty in the City of New York

IF IT BE TRUE, AS THE GREAT POET Shaks-pere has put it so aptly, that "all the world's a stage," it is e-qually true, I think, on the same un-im-peachable authority, that each of us "in his turn plays many parts." While I believe it to be uni-versally thought that Shaks-pere in these words, which could hardly be improved up-on, referred to the rapid-change ar-tists, as common on the variety stage in his day as in our own, the word "turn" keeping its same sig-nif-i-cance then as now—at least this is my own ex-plan-a-tion and I offer it to you for what it may be worth—I have often been led to consider how ap-plicable the sense, the *sense*, is to my own career. When I was made Mayor of Brook-lyn—now the better half of Greater New York—I say the better half ad-vis-edly, having my-self assisted at the ceremonies attendant up-on the drawing up of the char-ter or certificate of marriage, and having seen the City of New York slip its Ring upon the finger of my native borough—when I was made Mayor of Brook-lyn for the first time, I did not imagine that at this time I should stand upon a plat-form not

An IMAGINARY ADDRESS

pol-it-i-cal, and ad-dress, not an assem-blage of Brook-lyn voters, but the intelli-gent audience that I now see before me. If such an ambition had ever even entered into my mind, the pros-pect must have seemed as distant as from Co-lum-bia Uni-ver-sity to the City Hall. However, I am not here to take your time with telling of my-self and of my own thoughts. It is my very agreeable duty to wel-come you, on behalf of the Trus-tees of Co-lum-bia Uni-ver-sity and the Edi-torial Board of The Morning-side, to par-ti-ci-pation in what must be regarded as a most important ed-yu-ca-tional event not only in the history of our in-sti-tu-tion, but in the annals of our country. It has ever been the policy of the Trus-tees to afford for the young men and the young women of Amer-i-ca, the best ed-yu-ca-tion-al ad-van-tages within their reach, so that Co-lum-bia might fit those who come here for in-struct-ion, to enter with the necessary qual-i-fi-ca-tions every walk of life, no matter how high—or rather, the higher the better—and, in ac-complish-ing the duties devolving up-on them, to reflect credit up-on them-selves and up-on the uni-ver-sity from which they have gone forth in-to the world. How well this aim of Co-lum-bia has been ac-complished the results in-di-cate in a manner alto-gether satisfactory. I was a grad-yu-ate of Co-lum-bia. And when I was Mayor of Brooklyn, I took special note of those oc-cu-pying high munic-i-pal offices and actively en-gaged

by WALTER SATYR

in the cause of good government, who were grad-yu-ates of Co-lum-bia. I found during my first and se-cond terms that not only were half the al-der-men, eight-een police sergeants and six cap-tains, eleven sheriff's assistants, and many other dig-ni-taries that I will not trouble you to listen to, men holding Co-lum-bia de-grees, but that every type-writer in the City Hall, with one or two trifling exceptions, was a young lady from Bar-nard. To-day Co-lum-bia is sustaining her rep-u-ta-tion as an insti-tu-tion of learning, and continues to dis-tance her com-pet-i-tors in every respect, even when occasionally they give the first sug-ges-tion. You will re-call that some months ago Pres-i-dent El-i-ot of Harvard announCED that he had in-vi-ted, on be-half of the trus-tees of that ven-er-a-ble uni-ver-sity, several thousand Cuban teachers to attend the Summer School at Cam-bridge, free of expense. You will al-so recall how com-plete-ly pop-u-lar interest was di-verted from this ad-mir-a-ble piece of ad-ver-tising by the announce-ment that Co-lum-bia Uni-ver-sity, at the sug-ges-tion of The Morn-ing-side, had ex-tended an invitation to an as-sorted lot of prominent Fil-i-pi-no pro-fes-sors to visit Amer-i-ca and to at-tend *our* first Summer School on Morn-ing-side, not as au-di-tors, but for the pur-pose of deliv-er-ing a series of lec-tures that should be rep-re-sen-ta-tive of the course of ed-yu-ca-tion pursued by the youth of the Phil-ip-pines. And it is to listen to

An IMAGINARY ADDRESS

the o-pen-ing lec-ture of this un-pre-ce-den-ted series that you are to-day assembled. I need hardly point out to you that this event has be-yond its ed-yu-ca-tion-al sig-nif-i-cance, an important bearing up-on the po-lit-i-cal sit-u-a-tion in the Far East. What better ob-ject les-son could we have on the sub-ject of the civ-il-i-za-tion of the is-lands which have passed into our con-trol, than such an ex-po-sition of their best lit-e-ra-ry, phil-o-soph-i-cal and sci-en-tif-ic thought? When we have listened to these cul-ti-vat-ed pro-fes-sors, shall we not be able to form a clearer and juster estimate of the char-ac-ter of A-guin-ald-o who is the typ-i-cal out-growth of such an ed-yu-ca-tion? Co-lum-bia Uni-ver-sity is to-day play-ing a proud role in the prog-ress of the world's civ-il-i-za-tion; and by ming-ling here on Morn-ing-side the streams of East-ern and West-ern cul-tures, she is doing even more for the cause of Peace than even I was able to do, with the co-op-er-a-tion of the C-zar, at the Peace Con-fer-ence last summer at The Hague.

I TAKE pleasure in in-tro-du-cing the cel-e-bra-ted Pro-fes-sor of Lit-er-at-yure, who will lec-ture to us on one of the Fil-ip-in-o classics.

The First Imaginary Lecture



—THEY 1900 BY THE MORNING SIDE

IMAGINARY LECTURES

I.

(Delivered slowly, with many pauses, smiles
and day-dreams)

I SHALL LECTURE THIS MORNING ON Mother Goose's Melodies. How many of you have read them? How many liked them? They were among the first poetry that I read. I read them at Cambridge when I was only four years old, soon after I read Shelley. I don't know which I liked better, "Prometheus Unbound" and "Queen Mab," or "Humpty Dumpty" and "Old Mother Hubbard." This volume that I have in my hand I have had a long time. It is illustrated. It has some very pretty pictures. I am particularly fond of this one; it represents "Little Jack Horner." That red spot on his thumb—the thumb is yellow—is the plum. I don't know whether you can all see it.

THERE is little known of the life of Mother Goose. For what there is to know I have referred you in the Rough Notes to an essay of my own in the Library of the World's Worst Literature. You will not find any selection from Mother Goose in the Golden Treasury. Mr. Tennyson probably objected. What Mr. Tennyson said went—into

IMAGINARY LECTURES

the Golden Treasury or out of it as the case might be. I am sure that otherwise Mr. Palgrave would have included in his collection "Old King Cole," "Little Miss Muffett," and "Jack and Jill."

WHEN you read the melodies there are several things I wish you to look for. You are to note in particular the element of nonsense. I think you must all have been struck with this already—that is, all of you who have read the poems. And I think we may take Mother Goose to stand for this great poetic quality of nonsense. This you should all note. To illustrate what I mean I will read you one of the melodies. Here is a famous one; you all know it:

"Hey diddle, diddle, ——"

NOTICE, too, the extreme simplicity of the language; it is quite unliterary, almost colloquial. This is one of the characteristics of Mother Goose's poetry and you should come to recognize it as such.

"Hey diddle, diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the Moon, ——"

THERE is a fantastic unreality, an extravagance in all this:

"The little Dog laughed to see the Sport,
And the Plate ran away with the Spoon."

I DON'T think any of you will deny that this is nonsense—nonsense pure and simple. Yet I think it would be equally difficult for any of you to point out exactly in what the

by WALTER SATYR

nonsense consists. I am quite certain that many of you have read that particular stanza many times without once suspecting that you were not reading perfectly good sense. (Here the lecturer stops to give his favorite Mona Lisa smile.) It is this that constitutes Mother Goose's greatness, her genius, and for this reason I choose her to represent the nonsensical in poetry; not because she contains more of it than other poets whom we have studied—they are full of it—but because of her superior ability to conceal it under the forms of reality.

I WANT to say in passing that you are not to attach a great deal of importance when you are engaged in the lofty study of Literature to such unessential matters as grammar and rhetoric. Mother Goose is often careless in matters of grammar. But you must remember that she is a Literary Person and is not bound down by the petty rules that you have been taught to consider vital matters. When in a magnificent poem, which will live as long as the language, she writes:

“Laws amercy on me, this is *none of I.*”

You should endeavor to overlook this error and to concentrate your attention upon the thought and the greatness of the moral idea contained in it. You should strive to soar above the merely earthly matters of our ordinary experience.

IMAGINARY LECTURES

In this way great poetry can be very helpful. I trust you will bear this in mind.

THERE is one more point that I have to speak of before I close. It is not important, but it may interest you. It is with reference to that admirable, spirited ballad that you should all know:

“Old King Cole
Was a Jolly Old Soul,
And a Jolly Old Soul was he,
He called for a Pipe
And he called for a Beer ——”

NO; that is not it.

“He called for a Pipe and he called for a ——”

I AM afraid I can't remember it all to quote it. You can all read it for yourselves. Well, that King Cole belonged to the same royal family as King Lear. He was Lear's grandfather if I mistake not. I am not altogether certain. He was something of the sort. It makes no difference, however. It is interesting to note that these two greatest English poets, Shakspere and Mother Goose, drew their material from the same source. I just learned that this morning. I thought it might interest you,

I SHALL now have the Rough Notes distributed. I have named several editions of the Melodies in it. The best is my own edition, which is illustrated by Miss Kate Greenaway. You will find it upon the reserved shelves.

The Second Imaginary Lecture



IMAGINARY LECTURES

II.

(Manner: familiar, confidential and jocose)

WELL, GENTLEMEN, WE'VE BEEN TALK-
ing about mixed drinks and I've told you some-
thing about their concoction, their uses and
abuses. Somebody asked me after the lecture last time if
mixed drinks ain't an American institution. Of course
they are; and we ought to be proud of the fact, too. (*Ap-
plause and cheers.*) Why, foreigners don't know anything
about mixing liquors except what we've taught 'em. They
like them, though. They think they're simply great. I'd
like to bet that the American Cocktail is known farther than
the American Eagle and that Tom Collins has more friends
than Uncle Sam. (*Wild enthusiasm.*) Now, some people
will tell you that the American Barkeepers' Guide isn't a
great scientific work. Just think of it! That's what Dore-
mus thinks. By the way, speaking of him, did you ever
hear the story about the starch and the mustard when I was
a witness. . . . ? Oh, all right; if you have I won't
go on. Anyway, Doremus is all wrong about this, too. Why
even Lavoisier never wrote anything equal to the Bar-
keepers' Guide. I gave away twenty-five copies last

IMAGINARY LECTURES

Christmas myself. I had one bound in crushed levant and gave it to my friend the Health Officer in Berlin. He didn't know a thing about mixed drinks then. So one night at an important meeting, after dinner, I made him a milk punch in that big platinum beaker of mine. *You* remember, I showed it to you the other day. Well, he drank it off bottom up:

“*V*ER iss der cow?” he said. (*Intense enthusiasm.*)

THANK you, gentlemen. You see he liked it. Some people think whiskey hurts milk; I don't; not a bit of it. It even improves it, makes it more healthful, you know; or at least it is easy to make people think so. It amounts to the same thing. You see I have been on the Board of Health. Why, when I was on the Board of Health——(*Here the reader may supply his favorite yarn.*) Well, speaking of milk and milk punches, you all know that milk is full of microbes. There are thousands and thousands of 'em. Whole colonies in every cubic inch. You needn't bother, gentlemen, about throwing any more hats upon the fixtures. You've got one up there now. *I'm* satisfied. But whiskey kills those microbes. They all get drunk, have delirium tremens and die off. Now those microbes while alive don't do the least harm in the world to the milk. But everybody thinks they do. They think they are something awful. So

by WALTER SATYR

you just tell them that the whiskey kills the microbes in the milk, sterilizes the milk, whatever that means, and nobody can say a thing to you. It was the School-of-Mines Man, Castner, that discovered *that* fake.

Now there is a great deal more to say about mixed drinks, but I don't want to prolong the story. There are at least ten thousand different drinks: Gin Fizz, Gin Sling, Tom Collins, Sherry Cobbler, Potsdam Sandstone, Klondyke Kooler—that Klondyke Kooler is a great drink; I think I'll show you how to make it. Doctor, please bring me the test-tubes—that's right, the long ones—it's a long drink, gentlemen—and some ice. Thank you. Now, gentlemen, you just take one of these big oranges, cut it in two and squeeze the juice into a test-tube, like that. Then you put in a lot of cracked ice. Now you add about ten cubic centimeters of whiskey—you know the formula. Fill the tube up with ginger ale and set the mixture aside to cool. You can all test it at the end of the hour. Not now, please. Go back to your seat, Mr. Smith. We'll have that for our next laboratory exercise. We'll experiment with it then and make some interesting tests. It's dangerous work, though. Why, I remember once seeing six men overcome by it in the laboratory.

BUT the Whiskey Cocktail is the great drink. That's my
25 favorite

IMAGINARY LECTURES

favorite. Never mind about that dog, gentlemen, you can take him out at the end of the hour. I like dogs. I taught the Health Board in Vienna to drink it. They gave me two degrees and six offices in their societies. They all like it as "try as a pone." I do myself, you know. So I was rather pleased to find they did. It sort of justified me, you know. (*Great applause.*)

(*BELL rings.*) Oh, don't forget that Klondyke Kooler; it's about right now.

The Third Imaginary Lecture



IMAGINARY LECTURES

III.

(Elegantly oracular)

IT IS A VERY CURIOUS FACT, GENTLEMEN, and one worthy of your attention, that the three great literatures of the world, Greek, French and English, should be the only ones in which the names of women appear to any considerable extent. I should scarcely go so far as to say that this will account for the position of these literatures, although I might hazard that assertion at Teachers College. Yet it appears to me, gentlemen, to be a very suggestive and extraordinary fact, a fact that could be made to throw a great deal of light upon the reasons for the supremacy of these bodies of literature. That is a good subject for a B.A. thesis, gentlemen. I throw that out as a suggestion.

I HAVE had some very interesting and significant figures compiled as to the relative number of French and English women writers at various times in the literary history of France and England. This little book, gentlemen, that I hold in my hand, was the work of a Columbia man (*ap-
plause*) who took his Ph.D. with me last year. It was his doctor's thesis. It is a very valuable little work. Well, on

IMAGINARY LECTURES

looking over it, I find that in the 17th century, in France, against fully half a dozen women prominent in the domain of literature, there is scarcely the ghost of a lady of letters in England. By the end of the next century and in the early years of our own, the ratio is markedly turned in favor of English literature. At the time of the writing of this essay, Mr. Jones, the author, computed that the ratio was something like 643 to 1 in our favor, and that the total number of really well-known women writers of fiction, poetry and belles-lettres was no less than 1,685,401, of which fully two-thirds were American. (*Applause.*) In the next hundred years, at the same rate of increase, Mr. Jones shows conclusively that the grand total will reach a figure almost inconceivable. In 1997 there will be in round numbers 500,000, in Great Britain and the United States, more pen-women than the computed total female population of these countries. I confess I do not altogether see how this will be possible, but Mr. Jones has done his work carefully, and I am confident, gentlemen, that the results will be nearly as I have just stated them. And as the United States has already become the chief home of English literature and the inheritor equally with Great Britain of the common literary traditions of Shakspeare and Milton, we may expect even more than our share of this remarkable development.

by WALTER SATYR

SOME persons, gentlemen, I am sorry to say, do not much believe in woman's work in literature. My friend Kipling does not, for one. I spoke to him on this subject once some time ago:

"FIDDLESTICKS!" he snarled. "What has woman got to do with literature anyway? That's what *I* should like to know. She had better keep herself busy mending her husband's *kharkee*."

I THINK, however, that women have a great deal to do with literature. There was my late friend Sappho who did those charming little things in Greek, and my still later friend Margaret of Navarre who wrote the choice Vignettes included in the *Heptameron*. In English I must only mention my friends Miss Corelli and Miss Libbey. I am to lecture on Miss Libbey this afternoon, gentlemen, but as I am forced to pass over Miss Corelli in this course, I will speak of her now first. I have the greatest admiration for her work which is admirable and of lasting value. You all know in what high favor her work is held by my friend, Queen Victoria, that feminine Augustus of the Victorian Age. She has recently, so I'm told, formed a Corelli Club among the crowned heads of Europe, which meets regularly once a month in the various capitals. Some persons very unadvisedly are inclined to make fun of Miss Corelli

IMAGINARY LECTURES

and her royal patronage. But this is largely because of envy. I, for my part, do not see why she is not entitled to all the royalties she can get.

WE come now to Miss Laura Jean Libbey, that most talented, most widely, almost universally read, most thoroughly loved and revered literary woman of our own or any other time. (*Reads.*)

"MISS LAURA JEAN LIBBEY was born. It was somewhere in the Anglo-Saxon Empire, sometime this century. She was born with a gold pen in her mouth, that famous gold pen with which she wrote all her famous novels and which she has promised to bequeath to the British Museum." I am quoting, gentlemen, from the admirable little volume by my friend Mr. Hearst, the eminent Journalist, in the "Lovely Ladies of Letters Series" edited by our Professor Peck. (*Applause and stamping.*) It contains all the facts concerning Miss Libbey's life that are necessary for us to know, and will furnish the basis for what I have to say to you about her. "Laura Jean was born of honest, decent, respectable, sober folk. Her childhood was charming. She went to school and did noble. Everybody said so. It is recorded that at a very early age she wrote pretty poetry that was a delight to her elders." That is interesting, gentlemen, because, as you know, in later life Miss Libbey has given up the writing of verse entirely.

by WALTER SATYR

“IT was not until she was sixteen years of age that she wrote her first novel; it was like this: Little Laura sat one cold day by the steam-radiator in her parents’ comfortable little sitting-room, reading the ‘Girls’ Gazette,’ the predecessor of the ‘Fireside Companion’ of which Miss Libbey made the fortune and reputation. It was an interesting story that she read, mayhap, by Mrs. W. I. L. D. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Be that as it may, she suddenly rose and with a thrilling and convincing gesture of girlish determination, she said: ‘I, I too, will write a pretty tale of love. I will weave a web of wild romance. No longer shall the lucubrations of others satisfy my soul.’ So taking up her gold pen, which she never before had used save for her copy-book exercises, she dashed off in a twinkling that glowing masterpiece which she entitled, from the very last exercise in the old copy-book, ‘All for Love of a Fair Face.’”

THERE is no need, gentlemen, for me to dwell upon the sudden and enormous success that attended this maiden effort. The novel ran immediately through forty-five editions, after it had made the fortune of the “Fireside Companion,” then a young and struggling sheet. Not a year passes now, gentlemen, without the appearance of at least six more editions. It has been translated more frequently than any other work on record with the exception

IMAGINARY LECTURES

of Rubáiyat, the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. It has been done into Yiddish, Polish, Italian, and indeed all the downtown languages.

GENTLEMEN, I am not going to give you a careful and exhaustive criticism of this and of the other works of Miss Libbey. For an adequate fee I am prepared to prove that she is a very excellent writer; for a still more adequate fee I am willing and able to prove that she is a very bad writer indeed. As, however, this is merely a Columbia lecture, I must claim the privilege of reserving my opinion. I *will* say, however, that I fail to see the force of the argument so often used against Miss Libbey, that she writes of high life for the lower classes. I conceive that she has as good a right to describe lords and ladies for servant girls as Richardson has to describe servant girls for lords and ladies. I also think Miss Libbey might be thought to possess a style. If I succeed in proving that Mark Twain has a style, I shall take Miss Libbey up next.

My friend, Mr. Dobson, who has a very high regard for Miss Libbey personally and also for her works, but who tempers his appreciation by his sound and acute critical judgment, has written a charming series of triolets, under the title of "Lauralae." That incomparable pedant, Mr. Saintsbury, objected to this title. He said it was dog

by WALTER SATYR

Latin. I shall quote one which states very well the strictures that may with some justice be made by the harshest critics. Mr. Dobson has stated the case with admirable compactness, with his peculiar happiness of condensed critico-poetical expression, thoroughly without bitterness and rancour and with a neat tribute to her real greatness. I will read you the triolet:

She is quite out of sight,
Is Miss Laura Jean Libbey;
Though her diction be trite
She is quite out of sight;
Though her subjects be—hem—light
And her structure be ribby,
She is quite out of sight,
Is Miss Laura Jean Libbey.

WELL, gentlemen, I see I have still a great deal to say; but I find I have only twenty minutes left. And, as what I wanted to tell you would require at least twenty-five minutes, I don't think I had better attempt it. That will be all for to-day, gentlemen.

The Fourth Imaginary Lecture



IMAGINARY LECTURES

IV.

AS THE PROFESSOR FINISHED CALLING the roll, and was just about to launch into the lecture, his eye lighted upon Mr. Satyr. A terrific frown contracted his black brows.

"WHO are you, sir?" he hissed.

"AN interested auditor, I hope," answered the Imaginary Lecturer.

"WHAT is your name?"

"WALTER SATYR, Esquire."

"YOU are not on my rolls. You are an intruder. What are you doing here?"

"SECRET service; special mission for the Morningside."

THE Professor started from his chair and shuddered visibly:

"YOU may leave the room."

MR. SATYR took out his watch and carefully compared it with the clock on the wall:

"I AM sorry, sir, but the time is not yet up."

THE Professor sank back; he felt his utter helplessness before this Man.

IMAGINARY LECTURES

"WHY do you come here to persecute me," he cried, wildly, "to raise against me the sword and torch of a new inquisition? Why should my honest convictions——?"

"MR dear Professor," broke in Mr. Satyr, "you quite misunderstand my motives. You confound me strangely with the public press. My presence here has no connection whatsoever with your convictions concerning the soul, its mortality or immortality, the continuity of personal identity, or the revelations of Mrs. Piper Heidsieck. I am merely interested, for the present at least, in your eccentricities as such. Let me assure you that my intentions are not only perfectly honorable, but that with the help of my coadjutor here," indicating the artist already hard at work, "I hope to raise you quite above the petty annoyances of this world into the pure untroubled sphere of fame."

"AH, that is different," said the Professor, recovering. "I fear I was suffering from an illusion."

"THEN we may remain?"

"WHY—eh——."

"AND, by the way, I wish to state that the Morningside, far from wishing to persecute you, is one of your staunchest friends, the hearty advocate of your methods; it admires your candor,

by **WALTER SATYR**

honors your honesty, and appreciates your freedom from deceit and hypocrisy. It will, believe me, ever defend you with its best black ink."

THE Professor by this time was weeping real tears of genuine joy and thanksgiving; and out of the black thunder clouds of his face he smiled a sunny smile. The look of gratitude that he cast upon Mr. Satyr was deftly caught by that gentleman who put it away in his bosom where he will retain it forever. And then the lecture began:

I WANT first to continue the discussion of hallucinations. There is one variety that I did not indicate in my Syllabus—post-prandial hallucinations. I was unaware of their existence until I was present recently at a dinner of the faculty of a certain well-known university. I afterwards made a report on them to the Society for Psychical Research. When I come to revise my book I shall insert them in their proper place. This revision——

(*CRIES of "No revision!" "A bas Zola!"*)

IN order to illustrate for you more fully the faculty of visualization as it is employed by us for practical purposes, I shall give you an example from my own experience which I first noted some years ago when I was in Baltimore. Now, whenever I put on my collar, I have to shut my eyes in

IMAGINARY LECTURES

order that I may secure it in the rear. In this way I am enabled to visualize the back of my neck, the collar-button and the slit in the collar. If I should open my eyes and catch sight of my face in the glass I—— (*The rest is drowned out by loud applause during which several gentlemen make their exit.*)

Now—eh—eh—if I—eh—wish to obtain after-images I look steadfastly at some bright object for several moments—like this. Now I see against my shut eyelids several bright patches, as it were, which continue for a short time, then finally disappear. The sun is the best object for the production of after-images. I try it on my little daughter, age six; I take her out after keeping her for twenty-four hours in a dark room and tell her to look at the sun for two minutes. She cannot always stand it as long as that, generally for not longer than a minute or so at a time, because there is considerable strain, as you know, upon the nerves and muscles of the eye. But that is quite sufficient for a successful experiment. Then she shuts her eyes tight to and rapidly paints out a picture—that is to say, a spectrum of the color effects with her little box of colors. It is rather bad for the eyes, and I should say right here that if any of you find such experiments trying, it will not pay to make them. My daughter's eyes are rather weak already, and she is obliged to wear spectacles of dark blue glass.

by WALTER SATYR

MR. HARDTACK, what do you understand by the teleological functions of the conceptualistic apperception considered as the concomitant of the reflex emotional volitional power present in acts arising out of the subliminal consciousness?

(MR. HARDTACK does not answer.)

OH, Mr. Hardtack is not present——

(MR. HARDTACK, having asserted reproachfully that he is present, professes his inability to catch the exact trend of the Professor's questions, and sinks back into his former state of blissful oblivion.) You had better look the matter up in Professor Jesse James; he devotes considerable space to it. It is an important matter. Mr. Bray, what processes are concerned in the formation of an *exaggeration*?

(MR. BRAY—S.)

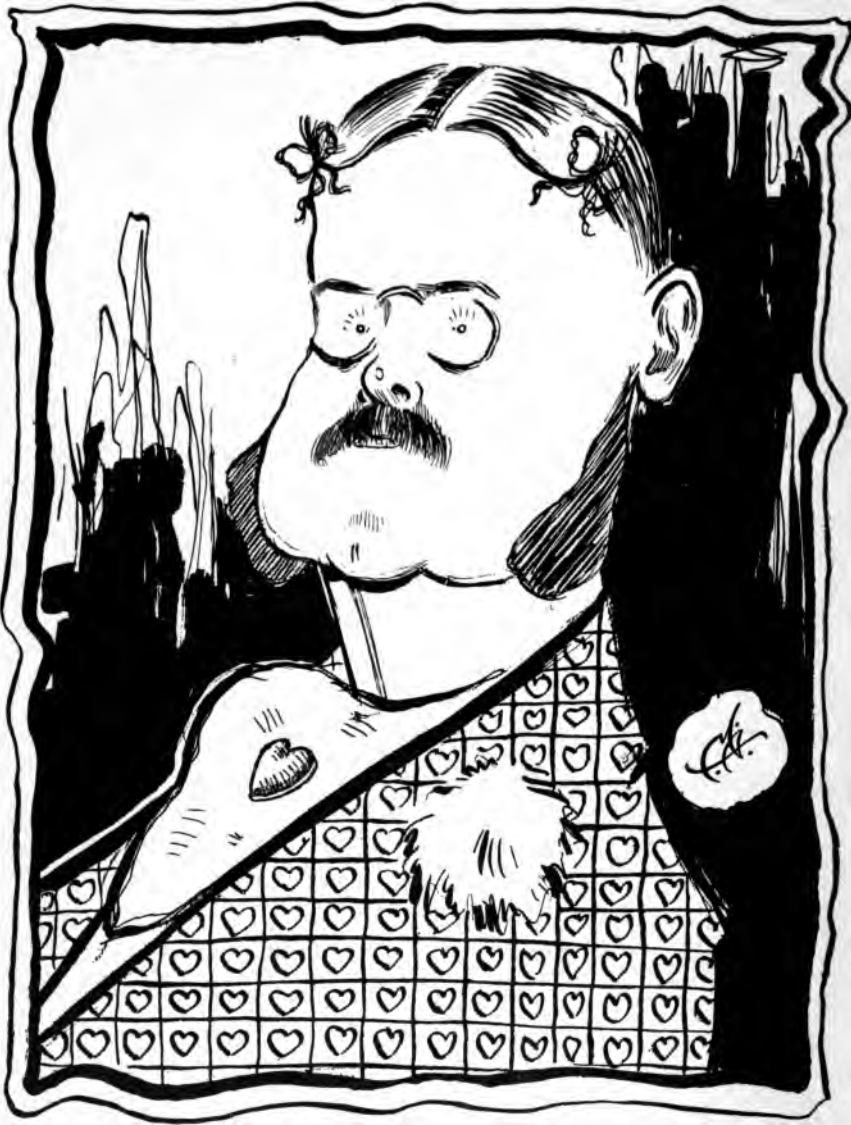
NO, not exactly. I don't know whether I should say that exactly. First, by perception you gain a more or less true idea of the object; then by an act of the progressive memory or that division of the faculty of memory, by which the object remembered increases rapidly, directly as the time elapsed after its reception and inversely as the importance of the object thus received; then through the agency of the image-making faculty or imagination, a concrete reconstruction and representation of the object which has been so

IMAGINARY LECTURES

received, developed and expanded, is recalled and brought definitely and vividly before the mental eye, when by a conscious act of the voluntary will, it is projected into the world of ideas.

(HERE Mr. Bray takes exception to a portion of the above, and endeavors to refute the statement in a discussion that fills the remainder of the hour, to the infinite relief and amusement of the rest of the class.)

The Fifth Imaginary Lecture



IMAGINARY LECTURES

V.

[“I am a James Russell Lowell.”—*The Bookman*]

WE HAVE ALREADY DISCUSSED CERTAIN phases of this subject, the “Fascination of Women,” and we have discovered, I think, those qualities which make them fascinating to individuals of the other sex. I say, we have already discussed certain phases, aspects, sides of this subject, the “Fascination of Women,” and we have discovered what qualities in a woman tend to make her most fascinating to an individual of the other sex—a man, if you wish to call him so. Now this is one of the subjects that we—I mean I—really know quite a little about. I say, this is one of the subjects that I really know quite a good deal about; and I intend this morning to discuss it from another point of view, from another attitude. I wish to interpret the subject—a—a—a—a—objectively; that is to say, I wish to understand by the fascination of women, the power which man has, which man possesses, if you will, of exerting fascination over women. This is a perfectly proper interpretation of the subject, quite legitimate. It will exhibit in a rather remarkable degree my versatility, my many-sidedness, if you please, and my ability to deal with anything conceivable.

IMAGINARY LECTURES

WHAT is it, then, in man that constitutes that quality which we call fascination? What, I ask, is it, that constitutes for certain men their power to exert fascination over women? This question may seem unable to be answered, since the power of fascination may conceivably differ for every individual, whether actively or passively considered. Yet I think in all fascination of women by the other sex, there is a common element, an average quality, which we may distinguish.

Now, what is this common element, and with what characteristic do we identify it? It consists in a sort of reckless indifference to the other sex, a careless freedom from all endeavor to ingratiate oneself with it, and yet by a boldness of carriage, a sort of devil-may-care go-as-you-please, to dazzle their weak understandings. A man must not appeal to a woman's intellect. He must play on her ignorance and on her feelings. Bold, bluff, swaggering, devilish—this is the lad the lady loves. The fascinating man must not appear to take any heed of woman's wiles or to have his heart in the least concern. He ought to wear his heart on his sleeve—or the whole suit, with the ace in his cravat. The man must dress well, and as loudly as possible. When a man is pressing his suit, he must make himself heard. And it is equally true that faint clothes never won fair lady.

by ANNE LANGDREW

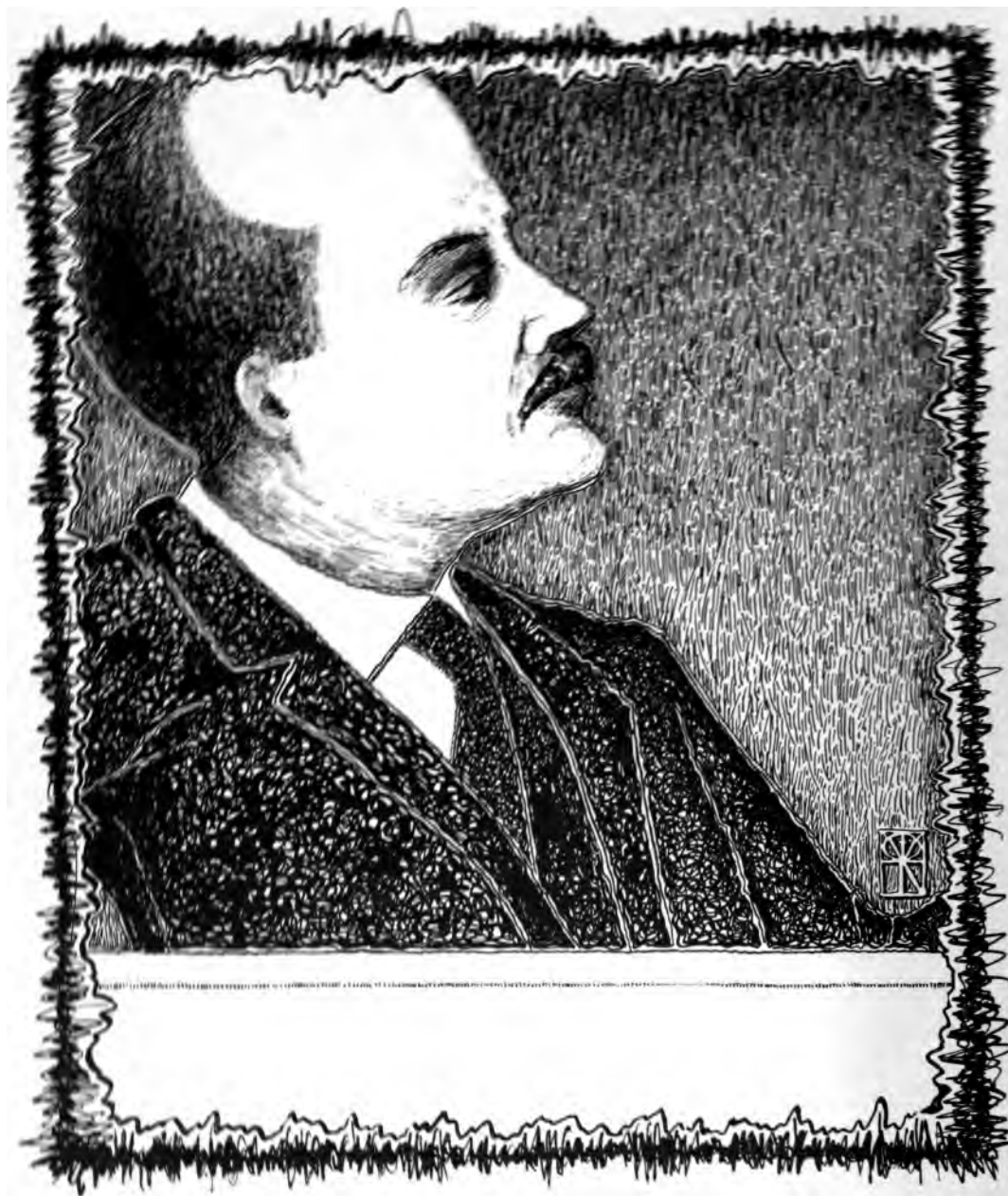
A flower well chosen adds considerable to a man's power of fascination, if, of course, he is endowed with a modicum of that power to start with. It is rather important to note that *fascination* does not lie in the flower, but in the man himself, and that the flower merely serves to bring it out. The flower should be chosen for its language, but never so obviously that this fact will detract from the prime prerequisite of an indifferent appearance. For instance, a man should consider its antherophonic message twice before he should commit himself to the wearing of so extraordinary a *boutonnière* as this sunflower which I have on. Of course, I have a purpose, and having long cultivated a habitude for unusual blossoms, I can assume much what I please without any longer eliciting unpleasant comment. I intend writing a paper for the B——n some day, on the "Language of Flowers."

THE most interesting example of fascination that I know is Don Juan. I want to assign a paper to some one that has not already received a subject, on the various Don Juans of literature, with especial attention to the Don Juan of Byron, who is by far the most remarkable. The poem is a trifle erotic, but it is interesting. Miss Smith, have you a subject? No? Well, you may take this, then. You will find Don Juan's fascination a very complex quality, as is shown by the variety of women by whom it was felt. Its

IMAGINARY LECTURES

basal element, though, is the same indifference, here shown under the guise of fresh innocence that is sought rather than seeks. Many of the accessory elements are lacking, however. In the Haidee episode Don Juan does not have on even a flower of any description when the curtain goes up.

The Sixth Imaginary Lecture



IMAGINARY LECTURES

VI.

(Style : oratorical, academical, and icily classical)

AMONG THE MANY CURIOUS AND INTERESTING philosophical frauds and fakes of the present day, is one of which the influence and prestige have been enormous, and which in its absurd claims to sovereign and universal powers in the effecting of cures and miraculous healings, can only be described as preposterous. I refer, of course, to Christian Science. It would scarcely benefit us to go explicitly into the details of this popular delusion, since there is little in it save a chaotic conglomeration of illusory and fallacious notions, over which it would be inexpedient for me to waste any of my carefully allotted and apportioned time. It is even impossible to frame a definition of Christian Science that would be either satisfactory or accurate. I shall therefore leave this to my assistant, Dr. Weber-Fields. The best I can do is to give you some descriptive phase, such as The Indefinable Something or That Which It Is Is It, which will serve rather to color your conception of Christian Science than in any respect to make this conception more distinct and definite.

IMAGINARY LECTURES

It is the incorrect belief of many persons that Christian Science, which in its present form and under its present name is indeed a product of our own century, is exclusively a vagary of our modern religious feelings and intellectual culture. It is, on the contrary, of very ancient origin, and has reappeared continually, sometimes after centuries of oblivion, in one form or another, to exercise for a longer or shorter period its pernicious and misleading influence. The student of philosophy will recognize in it merely a crude, crass restatement of a belief or of a system that was current in Asia Minor and in the islands of Rhodes, Hawaii, and Samoa, from the very earliest interest in philosophy among the Eastern Greeks and Sandwiches, who in turn received it from the sages and wise men of the East, from China, India, and the Philippines. There is much in Christian Science that resembles the teachings of the great ethical teacher of the Filipinos, Aguinaldo, whose power and authority among the natives of the thousand islands of that interesting archipelago are still so great that they present the strongest barriers against the continued efforts of American missionaries, who find it exceedingly difficult to secure even a footing for American philosophy, ideas, and civilization, excepting upon the islands of Luzon and Negros. There is much, therefore, in the belief and doctrines of the Christian Scientists to suggest the archaic and

by ANNE LANGDREW

primitive superstitions and practices of this most remarkable culture people of the East, who have exerted so strong and as yet, for the most part, unrecognized influence upon our modern Aryan civilization and culture. The interesting custom of the *philopena*, for instance, has been traced by philologists and others directly back to its Filipino origin. The word itself is one of those which, like *calico* and *cheroot*, have been carried by commerce across the seas to find places in the constantly increasing vocabularies of the Occident.

CHRISTIAN Science, which is therefore but a modern restatement of something that is in reality more ancient than the Christian era, in this modern form has grown up out of an endeavor that has been so popular and so eagerly continued throughout the past one hundred years, and that during that time has absorbed the best attention of some of the greatest minds of the last three generations from Romanes to Mrs. Eddy, who is the Lady High Priestess of Christian Science, to reconcile religion and science, and to bring these two inharmonious and discordant elements into a single, rational, and acceptable union that should preserve the main, essential characteristics of each and yet completely satisfy the adherents of both one and the other. Furthermore, it was intended by the advocates of this union to produce out of such a combination a third and
55 higher

IMAGINARY LECTURES

higher philosophical discipline of a mystical nature, that should in its powers, capabilities, and attributes, transcend the impotency of either of the constituent elements to meet the practical exigencies and requirements of life or to solve the higher problems of the universe. How imperfectly this has been accomplished I need not point out to you, further than to indicate the necessary failure of a system that takes for its basis the fallacy, which so many have failed to recognize, of supposing that out of the methods of alchemy and of the Teachers College cooking-school, introduced into the field of philosophical speculation, a brand-new, wholly consistent and efficacious panacea may be evolved.

The Seventh Imaginary Lecture

IMAGINARY LECTURES

VII.

*(WORDS, MERE WORDS, ARE QUITE INADE-
quate to do justice here; all the arts together
would fail in endeavoring to give perfect expression
to a style of lecturing that is as original and inimitable as it is
winsome and delightful. Imagine the lecture chanted in sweet, high
treble, with that "dying fall" the Duke would fain have heard
again, or loosed on the light wings of a melting melody, half
laughter and half sigh, and you will come most near to that effect
which must remain the joy and despair of the imitator forever.)*

WHEN we met together at the last hour, you will remember we discussed the variety show—the variety show. And you will remember, I am certain, how I tried to indicate the development of the variety show, or the vaudeville, as I told you some writers called it—how it first grew out of the little music halls—just such little joints, dives, as they have on the Bowery; you have all been there, I'm sure—ha! ha! ha! I guess so. Yes. And the admission to these little music-halls, you know, is free. Free! Think of it! And you buy your beer, or your whiskey-and-soda, and champagne, or whatever you may happen to want, and see the performance—the singing and dancing. It's not of the

IMAGINARY LECTURES

highest order; oh, of course not! Oh, no! You can't expect everything, you know, for nothing. It's out of the question. No. Of course. Well, then, we found that this was the earliest stage. No, that wasn't—ha! ha!—intentional—ha! ha! that play on the word "stage"—ha! ha! That was curious. One of my students once asked me—ha! ha!—about the Fifth Avenue stage. Awful! awful! But you remember we traced the development from these modest, humble, little beginnings, all the way up to Fourteenth Street and Tony Pastor's little theatre in Tammany Hall. Curious place! Most extraordinary! And I showed you some lantern slides, you know, of Tony singing his little songs; and you remember I sang you one, only two or three stanzas, just to show you what they were like. Yes. And then there was the continuous performance; I told you, you know, what Mr. Archer had said once, that the continuous performance—you had better make a note of this in your note-books—that the continuous performance represented the highest development of the drama in the New World, and Mr. Astor had sent him over to get ideas for a continuous-performance theatre in London. That is very interesting, isn't it? That interested me exceedingly, I remember, when I read it in *Life* the other day. And then I was going to tell you of Koster & Bial's, and the cork-room and

by WALTER SATYR

Carmencita; but the bell rang and I had to stop. It is such a pity we have not more time, you know. But we must hurry on now and leave all that, I am afraid. I must say just one thing; it is about Carmencita—or shall I tell you some other time? Yes—no. I don't know whether I ought to tell you now or later. It is not so important, and our time is so precious—every moment of it. And it really isn't about Carmencita at all, you know. It is only a little joke that one of my students made the other day. He asked me if I had heard the report that Sargent was dead. Mr. Sargent, you know, is an artist—an American artist, who painted a portrait of Carmencita that hangs in the Luxembourg—the Luxembourg. That is what suggested the story to me, you see. And *I* said, “No, indeed, I haven't heard anything about it.” I was very much pained and shocked, of course. Then the student said—ha! ha! ha!—no, I sha'n't tell you his name—that the rumor was false, that it wasn't the color-Sargent who was dead.

BUT to-day we must pass on from these small beginnings and this interesting transition epoch, with the wonderful and glorious culmination of the continuous performance, we must pass on, I say, to some of the other interesting phases of the drama in New York. And first I want to speak of a matter of interest to students—at least I have

IMAGINARY LECTURES

always found it so. You know, when we were talking of the morality plays, I told you about the Vice who was always in the moralities and interludes and so forth. Well, it's an interesting fact that we still have the vice in our drama, but we no longer have the morality. It seems to have disappeared. Yes. Curious how it should, but it seems to have gone out of our plays. It is a most extraordinary development. It would make a good thesis subject, "Vice or Morality" or "Vice-Versa" you might call it, you know. And I want to speak to you of Weber and Fields—Weber and Fields. How many of you have been to Weber and Fields? So many? Ha! ha! ha! I thought so. All my students like Weber and Fields. I do myself, I confess, ha! ha! ha! Curious, but do you know, I never went to a variety show or a burlesque until after I left college. No, we used to go to the circus. Think of it! Go to the circus in your Senior year! Just imagine it! I tell you, we didn't have the advantages that you have now. No—ha! ha! ha! And the burlesques they have at Weber and Fields are so very clever and the names are so delightful—"Helter Skelter," "Hurly-Burly"—charming, charming, you know. So suggestive and yet it's so hard to tell what they mean. And then "Catharine!" But no! I never see "Catharine" any more. I never go to see it now. It is too sad, too tragic, too

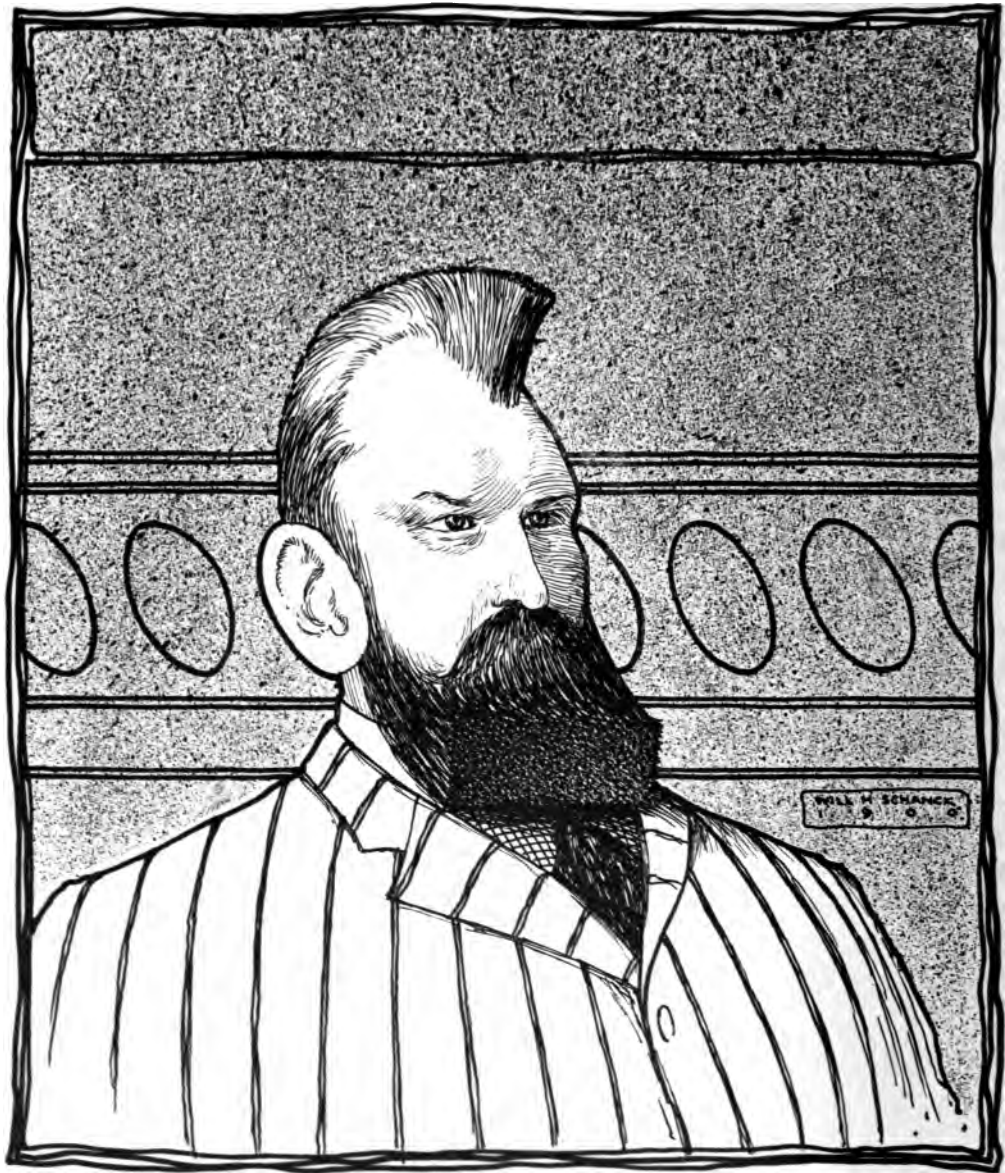
by WALTER SATYR

terrible. You know, when she says, "Oh, father—are you hungry?" and her father answers, "No, I am not hungry;" and then comes that famous response, so full of pathos and tragedy, "And I—I, too, am not hungry either." It is almost like Lear, Lear, isn't it?

AND Shakspeare—Shakspeare——

(*THE bell rings; and with a look of ecstatic sorrow and a gesture of divine despair at the inevitability of the hour, the lecturer ends midway.*)

The Eighth Imaginary Lecture



IMAGINARY LECTURES

VIII.

(Barbarossa Imperator Legis Scholæ conducting an
Inquisition in person)

MR. COURTLEIGH, WILL YOU STATE
the case of Sharkey *vs.* Jeffries?

(*FLIRTS a handkerchief while the student stumbles through a
labored exposition.*)

WHAT are the grounds for the decision in your opinion?

(*RESTORES the handkerchief to his pocket and devotes his smiling
attention to the process of cross-examination.*)

So you would not agree with the decision then? What
reasons have you for objecting to the decision of the Court?

DEFINE your conception of the term "fistic-encounter"
briefly in your own words. I believe you used that expres-
sion? Yes. Well, Mr. Courtleigh, won't you define it
for us then?

BUT I should like to know how "fistic-encounter" differs in
meaning from "prize-fight," which is the word that has
been used heretofore. If you insist upon the use of the
term, you must justify yourself by guessing what you think

IMAGINARY LECTURES

I would mean by it if I used it or whether I would use it at all or whether you think I like the word or not. That is only fair, I think, if you must depart from the terminology that has been already established.

KINDLY notice that this section is headed *Prize-Fights, Boxing-Bouts* and *Sparring-for-Points*. Now do you mean to say that you would add "fistic-encounters" to the category, or would you substitute it for "prize-fights," or would you drop all the rest and put this one term in place of them at the head of the chapter, as comprehending them all?

THE Horton Law? I don't know anything about the Horton Law. I don't know anything about Actual Laws. How *should* I?

LEGAL "prize-fights"? Is *that* your definition of "fistic-encounters"? Then I presume, and I think that I am justified in so presuming, and should like to rest my presumption upon the opinion of the class as a whole, that there are some "prize-fights" that are not legal? Is this your meaning, Mr. Courtleigh?

WELL, *you* state it for us then.

YES. You believe, if I understand you, that it is all a matter of points, and that this is a case in point, practically. Are these points to be regarded as cumulative or non-cumulative? If cumulative, you would say, would you not, that

by WALTER SATYR

that this in itself by operation of law—natural law—constitutes a knock-out, and that a knock-out constitutes a prize-fight, and that it is therefore a “fistic-encounter.” Is this a legal “prize-fight,” Mr. Courtleigh?

INTENTION? What do you mean by intention? I should like to know the state of your mind when you can take refuge, actually take refuge, in such a statement, from the complication of the case and your own confusion, by having recourse to this term intention. Why, what has *intention* to do with a knock-out?

So first you could actually say that intention is not proved because the claimant did not give a written affidavit of his purpose beforehand and deposit it with the referee, and then you turn completely about and say that the results of his action, the results of these cumulative points culminating in a knock-out, show evidence of intention and that this constitutes a violation of the law which forbids what you term “fistic-encounters.” And then this further proposition is practically assumed in what you say, that a fist is not a legal instrument?

WELL, how you can claim what you have, that a thing is and is not at one and the same time—that when you say this you mean that, is more than I can understand—more than I can understand. If you please, sir, let me *ask* you
69 how

IMAGINARY LECTURES

how I am to understand it? Unfortunately, Mr. Courtleigh, the interpretation of the law demands a definite opinion one way or the other. Unfortunately for you, you are not allowed to assert one thing one minute and its contradictory the next.

(*MR. COURTLEIGH still has the effrontery to hazard an opinion and continues to say things.*)

AND so you assert that the intention of a knock-out in a prize-fight constitutes a foul or tort? And you would say that the defendant was entitled to damages?

THE question of damages has nothing to do with it. Each is equally defendant in a fight, and the damages, which are matters of fact rather than of law, and so are quite without the jurisdiction of any court whatsoever. I do not know of any equitable reason why the damages should be limited to the defendant. Take my case, gentlemen, K——r vs. Corbett. Who would you say received the damages in this case?

I THINK the question comes back to this. I think this is what the question comes back to, although the matter is largely imaginary. A Hand in the Eye is worth Two in the Mouth. However, the law is ill-defined upon this point. I should not like to make a test-case of it as it now stands. I very much doubt if any one of you would be able to

by WALTER SATYR

obtain a favorable decision. I very much doubt it. The law of gravity, gentlemen, is very much in need of amendment. Our status under this law is very indefinite. Some day I will give you my idea of this law.

I SHOULD like to have the class as a whole consider this case and, in addition, take the next four or five sections, aggregating three or four hundred pages in my book. Finishing here to-day, gentlemen.

WAS there something you wanted to ask me? Retort Courteous? I am not familiar with the term. It can hardly be a legal expression.

The Ninth Imaginary Lecture

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WILL H. SCHANCK
1900

IMAGINARY LECTURES

IX.

[The Historian of Napoleon, and the Napoleon of
Historians.—*Morningside*]

AT OUR LAST MEETING, GENTLEMEN, WE discussed the settlement and occupation of the colony of the Philippines. We saw how Admiral Dewey sailed into the harbor of Manila on the morning of May 1, 1898, and, after eating breakfast, announced to the affrighted Spaniards, single-handed and without the aid of any newspaper correspondent, that this was moving day and they had better summon the vans. We related the subsequent capture of Manila and surrender of the Spanish arms. The fighting that followed was chiefly, we learned, with the savage, half-organized Tagalogs and Filipinos. These our army easily demoralized and scattered, and has been repeating the process at intervals up to the present time; so it is hoped that in the course of a few decades, by this method of moral suasion, the Filipinos, if there are any of them then remaining, may be made to realize that their true salvation exists under the motherly wing of the American Eagle. A few days ago, in Washington (I make this statement merely as an *obiter dictum*, gentlemen), I enjoyed the honor of din-

IMAGINARY LECTURES

ing with a prominent member of the president's war cabinet, and, when I put to him some questions concerning the policy of the administration in dealing out lead and liberty to the inhabitants of the Philippines, he made a remark whose significance can hardly be missed. He said: "Every nation must sow its wild Otis"—a very remarkable statement and one worthy of your personal attention, gentlemen.

HOWEVER, to-day, gentlemen, we will consider the situation existing in Cuba at this time. By January of 1898 the yellow journals had decided that the Pearl of the Antilles had long enough been cast before Spanish swine. The Madrid papers retorted by calling us American pigs. Accordingly, after the *Maine* incident in Havana harbor, the administration, bowing to popular clamor, declared war upon the Boy King. The Cuban Junta assured the American Government that an immense army of one hundred thousand Cubans, nine-tenths of whom were officers, fully armed and equipped, and possessing an inextinguishable thirst for liberty, fame, and *pulce*, hemmed in the Spaniards on every side, and had been waiting for years a favorable opportunity to crush the tyrant and pluck out forever from their roadway the gold-brick of Spanish misrule.

Now, gentlemen, let us consider for a moment the real cause of this war. You will read in your histories that the

by WALTER LAVISH SLANDER

underlying cause was a humanitarian one, and that the blowing up of the *Maine* precipitated the crisis. But this is in fact not the main question. It is very clear to my mind that the crucial principle at the bottom of it all was, simply — tobacco. Here were we, the United States, eighty million souls, fifteen million voting citizens, paying each for two clear Havana cigars the sum of twenty-five cents; and standing arrogantly at our very door was a crowd of wretched Spaniards, of the miserable Latin race, smoking these cigars practically free of cost, and puffing the smoke, almost, as it were, into our very noses! Could any self-respecting Anglo-Saxon, any liberty-loving American, submit to this humiliating state of affairs? Most assuredly not, gentlemen. And, distort the facts as you will, revolt from the idea if you must, the impartial mind is forced to admit, without question or cavil, that the clear Havana cigar formed the butt of our war arguments, the war-cloud resting over Cuba was merely tobacco smoke.

GENTLEMEN, one of our most eminent,—I might say our most eminent statesman of to-day, who now resides in a little college town in New Jersey, where, I may add, many others equally—er—renowned and famous in their own fields of work have taken their residence, this statesman, I say (whose name—ha! ha! ha!—I shall not mention), once gave voice, I think it was in his freshman year at college, to a phrase

IMAGINARY LECTURES

which has since become classical and well merits your consideration: "It is a condition," he said, "and not a theory that confronts me." And that was exactly what confronted the United States government at this time. A Spanish fleet, which was flitting about in Atlantic waters, no one knew exactly where, and was daily expected to attack Coney Island, must be destroyed; a Spanish army, which was leisurely slaughtering valorous but defenceless Cubans, must be made to surrender. . . . The response to the president's call to arms was spontaneous and unanimous. In Boston, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company immediately fortified the Parker House and prepared for battle by becoming half-shot on the spot; in New York, the Old Guard, forty thousand pounds strong, paraded in full dress to the battery and stood ready to defend the aquarium at any cost; in Chicago, the Cook County Marching Club, under the leadership of Hon. Bath House John, ordered new uniforms, of white silk hats and pea-green frock-coats with scarlet waistcoats; in Nebraska, William Jennings Bryan raised a regiment of silver orators armed with megaphones, and for that they made him Colonel; Theodore Roosevelt scoured the country, seeking now in ballroom, now in barroom, impressing alike cowpunchers and varsity football players into his regiment of Rough Riders; while a complementary band of Rough Writers

by WALTER LAVISH SLANDER

headed for Santiago under Dicky Davis. Ladies' Auxiliary Societies, which made silk pajamas, lace handkerchiefs, marshmallows, fudge and other necessities, both edible and sartorial, for the soldiers in camp, were founded all over the country. In this connection I should earnestly advise you to read the book by our own Captain Mahan—whom, by the way, I consider the first—er—second—historian of our day—his epoch-making work, I say, on “The Influence of the She-power in history.” Army officers grew enthusiastic over prospects of an easy victory. “We will spring upon them,” they cried, “as a cat upon a mouse.” However they found later that the Spaniards were fair Mausers themselves.

THE American army encamped at Tampa Bay until the Spanish fleet was bottled up, and there some degree of discipline was drilled into the raw troops. For one day (I cite this merely as an illustrative incident), one of the Rough Riders, who had once run on his college track team, inquired innocently, “How many laps to the Miles?” indicating the elephantine commander-in-chief who was passing; for which remark the soldier was court-martialed and shot.

I SEE we have not time, gentlemen, to tell to-day how our army crossed to Cuba and found in Santiago the Spanish army, clothed in bed-ticking, and an immense Cuban force of fifty-

IMAGINARY LECTURES

eight men, clothed mostly in their natural epidermis and armed with air rifles. This Cuban army, we shall see later, increased suddenly to three million warriors, when, at the close of the war, the United States offered a cash bounty to Cuban soldiers—a very interesting and valuable fact. But the time is up, and we must leave Manuel Cigarcia and his heroes until our next meeting.

An Imaginary Interview



An IMAGINARY INTERVIEW

SOME TIME AGO I RECEIVED A PRINTED card which, in courteous terms, summoned me to appear before the D—— of the College on Tuesday, May 16, 1899, at 11.30 o'clock. Accordingly I arrived at College Hall at the appointed hour. As I was about to knock at the D——'s door, however, it was suddenly flung open in my face, and three Freshmen, with wilted collars, and on their faces expressions of the most extreme terror, dashed wildly out and slammed the door behind them. This so disturbed me that I could not again scare up the courage to knock until the cheerful Hibernian, the Cerberus of the corridor, informed me that it was "against th' rhules ter be loitherin' round th' hawlways." Then I tapped timidly on the door. A little fellow, partly in the habiliments of a messenger, opened the door exactly three inches and stared critically up at me. "Hully gee!" he murmured audibly to himself, "anodder mug!"

THEN he addressed me in low tones: "What d'yez want?"

"I DESIRE to see the D——," I replied, with dignity.

HE looked furtively behind him. "Say," he whispered, mysteriously, "got a cigarette?"

SILENTLY I took out a box of Nestors and held it to him. After carefully selecting three and smuggling them into an

An IMAGINARY INTERVIEW

inner pocket of his coat, he opened the door. "Yez can come in," he announced.

A LONG line of students, in all stages of nervous dejection, was marshalled about the room. I took my place at the end of the line. The D—— disposed of their cases promptly and unceremoniously. They left the room with an air, not as if they had been kicked, but as if they were in doubt whether they had been kicked or merely knocked on the head. I moved up on the line so rapidly and imperceptibly that I did not notice that I was the next person to come before the judgment seat.

SUDDENLY a gruff voice broke upon my ear. "Well, sir, what's yours?"

"W_{HISKEY}," I replied, absently.

THE D—— looked up sharply from some papers he had been studying. "Eh?" he roared. "What are *you* here for?"

"I HAVEN'T the slightest idea," I answered, nonchalantly.

A PURPLISH tint spread slowly over his neck and face; he trembled violently; and suddenly he fairly bawled out: "What! what! You don't know what you're here for! Then what business have you to interrupt? To ——"

"YOU sent for me, you see;" and I produced the printed summons.

by WALTER LAVISH SLANDER

THE D—— subsided a bit. “Oh!” he growled. “You are Mr. ——”

“SLANDER,” I volunteered. Then I looked at my watch. In five minutes the Morningside artist, whom I had ordered to sketch His Highness, would be there. I must calm him down before the artist arrived.

“I CALLED you here, sir,” the D—— began, abruptly, “to tell you that this Imaginary Lecture business must stop, sir, must stop! By attaching peculiar characteristics to the most respected members of our faculty, you, sir (and Satyr, whoever he is, and that—that *female*), have made them a subject of ridicule not only before the world, but, what is worse, before their own students. It must stop, sir! It is outrageous, *slanderous*, ——”

“LAVISHLY slanderous, I admit,” I broke in. “But, then, we called no one a Mastodon.” (I took out a cigarette.)

“SIR,” he cried, “how dare you mention such a topic? How dare you ——”

“NOR a Dodo,” I continued. (The artist had come in and was setting up his portable sketching-easel.) “But since you intend to Comstock us, I suppose we must quit.” (I drew out a match, and deliberately scratching it under the projecting margin of his desk-top, I lighted my cigarette.)

An IMAGINARY INTERVIEW

I HAD evidently sinned the unpardonable. Several of the students in the room bolted. The rest were as demoralized as the present gymnasium management. The office boy, who had been balancing a pencil on his nose for the edification of the Seniors, was so struck with fright that he swallowed it. The D—— arose with glaring eyes. "You dare to spoil the sanctity of this office!" he thundered. "Do you think this is a smoking-room? Get out! Leave the grounds! Go to New York University!"

THIS was almost too much, but, with an effort, I controlled myself. I must get the D—— into a sketchable humor; so I changed my tactics.

"THAT was a great victory of the Lacrosse Team over Harvard," I ventured, cheerily.

HIS face relaxed slightly. "Yes; but it was about time for a victory, about time. But, sir, that cig——"

(THE artist had taken his pencil.) "And then the Cycle Team won gloriously from Cornell on Saturday," I continued.

THE D—— sank back into his chair. "Yes," he cried, warmly, "that was fine, fine. But ——"

(THE artist was sketching vigorously.) "And then, the crew at Annapolis," I went on.

by WALTER LAVISH SLANDER

THE D—— was beaming with satisfaction. “Magnificent! magnificent! The best crew since ’95! Everyone says so. We’ll beat Cornell! We’ll beat Cornell!”

“AND all these victories are in great measure attributable to the active interest and support of the highest authority—er—the acting-President.” With this I capped it all. The artist had finished and was gathering his things. The D—— was smiling broadly and chuckling to himself. “I must go, now, sir,” I said, and threw the stump of my cigarette into the waste basket.

“NOT a bit of it!” cried the D——. “Not a bit of it! You have the right spirit, sir. You shall lunch with me. Willie! My stick and hat! Quick!” And we left the office arm-in-arm.

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